Numb. 87

# THE REHEARSAL.

1. Who are *Enemies* to the *Revolution-Principles.*

2. The Country-man's *Dream* upon the *Death* of *Moderation.*

3. The *Whiggs* and *Diſſenters* in their *Altitudes.*

4. They begin to *Quarrel* with the preſent *Miniſtry.*

5. They furiouſly *Attack* the D. of M.

6. And another Great *Miniſter.*

7. *De Foe* Renews his *Aſſaults* againſt the *Church* of *England*, to Render her *Vile* all the *World* over.

SATURDAY, *February* 23 170⅘.

(1.) *Country-man.* YOU have ſhew'd me, *Maſter*, how the *Whiggs* turn Every thing their own way. Even the very *Revolution.* They will not let it be the *Revolution* as it was. But have *Cook'd* and *Dreſs'd* it up to be every thing but what it was. Some will have it *Conqueſt*, others *Abrogation.* But all of them make it *Depoſing.* And none of them what the *Convention* made it, which did make it. Nay, they will not believe the *Prince* of *Orange*'s *DECLARATION*, which *Proteſt* he did not come for the *Crown*, and that he hop'd none wou'd think him *Capable* of ſo *Unjuſt* and *Wicked* a *Deſign.* And that they were his *Enemies* who *Reported* it. But now it ſeems they are his Friends and his only *Friends* they wou'd be thought, who *Maintain* it. Who ſay, That all that was but the *Copy* of his *Countenance*, and a Neceſſary *Politick* to Carry on his *Deſigns.* That he came for the *Crown*, which many of them ſay they knew before he came over. And that if he had not found the *Throne VACANT*, he wou'd have made it ſo. Nay, that he did make it ſo. And *Chaſed* his *Father* out of it. Hence they *Juſtify* his *Depoſing* of his *Father.* And *Laugh* at the *Convention* for the *Fother* they made about the *Vacancy* and *Abdication*, and their *Scrupuloſity* to come up to the *Depoſing* Point, at one Blow which the Hardy *Scots* did, in what they Call'd the *Meeting* of their *Eſtates*, and made it *Forefaulting* without more a do. And this went ſo far among us Here, that I profeſs, *Maſter*, not one in a Hundred of our *Country-Folks* but think to this Day, that the *Revolution* went altogether upon the *Depoſing* Point. And you are the firſt I have heard of ſince the *Revolution* that has ſet it upon its Right *Bottom.* And you have fairly turn'd the *Tables* upon our naſty *Obſervators* and *Reviews*, and the Reſt of the *Scandalous-Clubb*, who Accus'd you for writing againſt the *Revolution*, and *Revolution-Principles*: Whereas you have ſaid nothing but Purſuant to thoſe *Laws* which the *Revolution* has *Maintain'd* and ſtill keep up in *Force* to Us, and may be *Pleaded* every day in *Weſtminſter-Hall.* And you have fully ſhew'd, that your *Accuſers* are the Men who have Beat down the *Revolution-Principles*, and openly *Burlesk'd* them.

(2.) But now *Maſter*, I muſt Ask you, if you have any skill at Interpreting of *Dreams.* I had a Terrible *Dream* t'other night, it was 'twixt *Sleep* and *Waking*, I know not which. I thought I ſaw a Mighty *Funeral*, and all the *Bells* in Town *Ringing* Hideous *Peals.* There were many *Clergy* there, in Deep *Mourning*, and Looking very *Dejected.* And abundance of *Whiggs* and *Diſſenters*, in their *Beſt Array*, making *Mouths* at the Diſconſolate *Clergy*, and *Laughing* at them. O dear *Maſter*, this has *Frighted* me Cruelly! I hope it *fore-bodes* no *Evil*!

*Rehearſal.* I know not what will come of it. But the *Signification* of your *Dream* is ſo far Paſt, that the *Lady*, whoſe *Funeral* you ſaw in it, is *Dead* already.

*Country-m.* What *Lady* Dear *Maſter*? Now you *Fright* me more than I was before!

*Rehearſ.* It was a great *Lady*, a very great *Lady.* Who has made great *Noiſe* in this *Kingdom*, and ſet us all by the *Ears.* It is the *Lady MODERATION*! She's Dead! Dead, *Country-Man.* You have not heard a Word of her this many a Day. Every *Paper* and *Pamphlet* was full of her. She was the whole *Diſcourſe* of the *Town.* You cou'd hardly hear any body ſpeak of any thing elſe. But now all over, *Huſh* and *Dead.*

*Country-m.* Pray, what did ſhe *Dye* on *Maſter*? I believe ſhe is *Dead.* For as you ſay, there is not a *Word* of her now more than if ſhe were *Dead.*

*Rehearſ.* She *Dy'd* of *Laughing*. She *Tickl'd* her ſelf to *Death*. To think how ſhe had *Gull'd* the poor *Church-Men!* She came to them *Weeping* and *Wailing*, and *Begging* an *Alms* for *God's* ſake. But as ſoon as ſhe got in a Doors, and had Sipp'd a little *Hot-Supping*, ſhe began to take *Courage*, and like a *Snake* warm'd at the Fire, *Cock'd* up her *Creſt* and fell a *Hiſſing*, ſhe *Shoulder'd* the *Children* for the beſt *Place*. And demanded the *Keys* of the *Cellar*. Get out ſaid the *Maſter* of the *Houſe*. No, By your Leave ſaid ſhe, you Invited me in. And what's more *Free* than *Gift*? I have a good *title* to my *Share* of this *Houſe* as you have for *Yours*. Only *Yours* is a little *Bigger* than *Mine*. And it ſhall not be ſo longer than I can help it. And unleſs I have the *Keys* of the *Cellar*, you may *Starve* me, and give me no *Drink*. And *Drink* I will and muſt have. Thus he ſtood *Corrected!* And all the *Children* and *Servants* *TREMBL'D* for *Fear* of her! Then ſhe fell a *Guzling* and *Laughing* at the *Jeſt*, till ſhe *Burſt* her *Sides*. And ſo ſhe *Dy'd*.

*Country-m.* But why did the *Whiggs* and *Diſſenters* *REJOICE* at her *Death*?

*Rehearſ.* Becauſe having ſerv'd their Turn, they wou'd not have her *Paum'd* upon them another time. And for the ſame Reaſon, the *Clergy* Mourn'd, becauſe if they ſhou'd ever come to plead *Moderation* at the *Diſſenters* Doors, they know now what *Anſwer* they wou'd Get! You ſha'nt ſerve *Me*, as I ſerv'd *You*!

(3.) *Country-m.* But are the *Whiggs* and *Diſſenters* ſo *Top* and *Top-Gallant* now, that they think the Day's their own?

*Rehearſ.* O! Beyond all Meaſure! They are nothing now but *Triumph* and *Victoria*! The *Review* ſays in the *Preface* to his 2d. *Volume*, *The Victory is Gain'd, the Battle is over, and I have done.* And is ſo *Modeſt* as to tell how he *Dictated* to the *Queen* and *Parliament*. And Quotes his *Review* and his *Words*, which they have follow'd. *I have ſaid the ſame thing* (ſays he) *with our late Votes, Speeches, and Proclamations——And 'tis an Honour to me, that her Majeſty and the Parliament repeat almoſt my very words.* But he Aſſures us, at the ſame time, that he is not *Vain!*

(4.) *Country-m.* Well. But are the *Whiggs* and *Diſſenters* Pleas'd now? Will they now let us alone, and be Rid of their *Dinn?*

*Rehearſ.* They cannot be long of one mind. And if they want ſomebody to *Quarrel* with, they will *Quarrel* with *Themſelves*. There was a Time when they were very Angry at the *Miniſtry*. That was *Subject* of the *Obſervators*, *Reviews*, and whole *Artillery*, for ſome *Years* together.

And a little *Reſpite* has Tyr'd their *Patience*. They'r out of their *Element*, and are Grown Heavily *Dull*. But they'r Beginning to Begin upon their Natural *Food* of *Aſperſing* and finding *Fault*. The 30th. of *January* St——ns has Broke the Ice, in his *Lampoon* upon the Preſent *Miniſtry*, Call'd, *A Letter to the Author of the Memoral of the State of England*. He Arraigns the *Miniſtry* for the *Expedition* to *Catalonia*. Says their *Succeſs* was by *Chance*. But that no *Meaſures* were Concerted be fitting ſuch an *Enterprize* unleſs to have it *Miſcarry*.

(5.) He falls Foul Directly upon the D. of *M.* with ſuch Vile *Reproaches* as are not fit to be Repeated. And it wou'd be an Injury to his *Grace* to Offer at a *Vindication* of him from ſuch *Private Malice* after the ample Teſtimony given him by the Honorable *Houſe* of *Commons*. I only obſerve how the *Spite* of a *Party* has Purſu'd that *Great Man* all along. He was made the *Subject* of the *Buffoonry* of their *Obſervator* and *Cincius Fulvius* was *Threatn'd* with Abſolute *Deſtruction* to him and all his *Family*, even after the Glorious *Victory* at *Hochſted*. And a certain Great *Lady* was made *Proſerpina*, and a *Witch*. Of which I then took Notice in *Rehearſ.* N. 7. 8. and 9. To which I referr you. And now the *Neglect* of others is Charg'd upon him of which the *Letter* of the *States General* to the *Dyet* at *Ratisbon* Printed in our Publick *Papers*, is a full *Vindication*, if he needed any. It is ſtrange how *Induſtrious* a Certain *Party* has been to Pick *Holes* in him, and another Great *Lord*! And yet it is not *Strange*, for they will not be *Whiggs*! Therefore the *Whiggs* will never *Love* them, nor *Truſt* them! And whenever it is in their Power no Doubt, will make them ſenſible of their uſual *Gratitude*! For as I have told you *Moderation* is *Dead*. There's no *Diſtinction* now but that of *High* and *Low*. For *God* or *Baal*, No *Neuters* now. 'Tis *Utrum Horum*. And where will they ſtop? When they *Dare* thus openly *Attack* my Ld. D. of *M.*!

(6.) This *Author* falls too upon another Great *Miniſter*, whom he do's not Name. He only *Harangues* againſt him, with very foul *Language* but Deſcends to no *Particulars*, which he wou'd not have ſpar'd, if he cou'd have found any, except that of his Buying *Books*, and being a Lover of *Learning*. Wherein his *Malice* got the Better of his *Wit*. For this makes it Plain that all he ſaid was pure *Spite*. When will theſe Men be *Pleas'd*.

(7.) *Country-m.* Well but the *Review* ſays *he has Done*. For the *Battle* is over, and he has got the *Victory!*

*Rehearſ.* No *Country-man*, he has not done. Nor cannot. For ſince that even in what he calls *A Hymn to Peace*, his *Characters* are more *Spitefull*, than in the very *Dyet of Poland*. Yet he Crys *Peace* and *Union* with the ſame *Breath!* But the *Character* he gives of the *Clergy* is as *Black* as that of a *Fiend* in *Hell*. And that the *Reputation* of our *Church* may ſpread *Far* and *Near*, he makes a *Proverb* for the Uſe of *Foreign Countries*, That when they wou'd Deſcribe any *SUPERLATIVE Wickedneſs*, for which there yet wants a *Name*, the *Phraſe* ſhou'd be, as he *Decently* calls it,

——*a new Proverbial Jeſt,*
*To be as wicked as an ENGLISH Prieſt.*

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